

## Like Ketchup on an Eggo by everybreatheverymove

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**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven | Jane Hopper & Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Will Byers & Dustin Henderson & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler, Will Byers & Eleven | Jane & Dustin Henderson & Maxine Mayfield & Lucas Sinclair & Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

**Drabble.** The Party gather in the local diner to help El try out some new foods. Queue the milkshake-dunked french fries and awful onion ring breath.

## Like Ketchup on an Eggo

“What happens if I do this?” She holds one of her fries up between two fingers, eyeing the food thoughtfully.

“Then you’d be making a delicious snack.” Dustin says from across the table. He clasps his hands together, rests his chin against his knuckles, elbows sticking to the greasy tabletop. “Do it.”

“Don’t do it.” Max shakes her head, nudging the boy in his side, “It’s gross, El.” She nods once, “and he’s gross for doing it.”

“Why is it *gross*?” The brunette frowns, lowering the fry down to her mouth.

“Because, like, you wouldn’t put potato chips on an ice cream sundae, would you?” Max tries, eyes wide, “That’d be the same thing.”

“That’s not the same!” Dustin argues, scowl on his face.

“It’s kind of the same.” Mike cuts in with a shrug, settling his gaze on El with a smile, “But you can try it if you want.”

“Or not.” Max leans back in the booth, arms folding over her chest.

Considering her options for a moment, El continues to stare down at the food with skepticism because it can’t be *that* bad, can it?

Not wanting to waste another second, she quickly stretches her arm out past Mike to dunk the french fry into his pink milkshake, lifting the snack back up to her lips. She shoves the potato past her lips, sealing them shut with a hand plastered over her mouth to force herself to eat it.

Her eyes find Dustin as she eats, a bemused expression clear on the boy’s face. He gives her two thumbs up, encouraging her to continue with a nod of his head.

Mike grins, “Good?”

“Pretty good.” She shrugs, brows knitting, “I don’t want another one.”

Lucas smacks his hands together then, leaning over to grab the basket of french fries, “More for us then.” He slides the tray over between Dustin and himself, fingers eagerly plucking at the food.

“Here, El.” Will slides the basket of onion rings across the table, “Try one of these.” He plops his own ring into his mouth. “I think you’ll like them.”

“What... is it?” El blinks down at the food, watching as Mike picks one up and bites into it.

The tall boy smiles, “Onion ring.” His brows wiggle as he eats the other hold of the snack, watching as her look of confusion turns to a smile.

“Don’t they smell?”

“Onions?” Lucas pipes up, mouth half full of milkshake-soaked potato, “Kinda.”

“You’ll probably have bad breath after, but...” Max informs her, folding a leg up on the seat, “You’d have that anyway if you kissed Mike.”

Before the redhead can duck, there’s a ketchup sachet flying straight at her face, Mike’s hand held up in the air guiltily. “Not true.”

“Not untrue.” She retorts.

“You gonna finish that shake, Wheeler?” Dustin eyes the drink, licking his lips hungrily.

Mike sighs, “Not now I’m not.” He says, looking down at the strawberry milkshake just as Lucas pulls a french fry from the mixture. “Jesus.”

“Oh, like you’re such a healthy eater.” Lucas scoffs, “Last week, I watched you eat a whole pizza in, like, ten minutes.”

“That’s different.” He reasons, “It’s not like I put fruit on it or anything. You two are just weird with your food.”

“We’re not weird, Michael.” Dustin points a finger in his direction, “We’re just experimental.”

“Experimental would dunking a ring in soda, or something.” Max picks up an onion ring then, waving it around before she hovers it over her boyfriend’s Cola.

“Squirting ketchup on an Eggo.” El adds.

Nodding, Mike says, “Mushrooms in a fruit salad.”

“Ew.” Will pulls a face, “No. That’s not experimental, that’s just wrong.” He glances down at his half-eaten hamburger then, “Beef with a side of popcorn.” He snorts at the very thought, face flushing when the elderly couple at the adjacent table turn to stare.

“Yikes.” Max shudders, teeth gritting, “You’re all disgusting.” Max says, “Including you, Hopper. I thought you knew better.” She brushes her hair behind her ear with one hand, the other patting El on the shoulder amicably just as she accepts another strawberry-soaked fry from Dustin, shit-eating grins on both of their faces.

“I thought you-”

“Not for me.” El cuts Mike off, moving her hand up to his face to shove the food past his lips before he can stop her. She quickly wipes the excess ‘shake from his bottom lip, licking it off of her fingertip.

Mike grimaces as he eats the food, face the picture of disgust as his friends laugh.

“Nice!” Dustin high-fives the brunette from over the table, and El turns to her boyfriend with the wickedest smile he’s probably ever seen.

Mike finally swallows the snack after a beat, and he holds a hand to his chest, breath rapid and heavy and just a tad melodramatic, “I feel like I can’t breathe.” He closes his eyes, sinking lower into his seat with an audible groan.

"You're being dramatic." El nibbles at her bottom lip, eyeing the boy carefully. She places a hand on his shoulder, wrapping her fingers around the cotton of his t-shirt. "Mike."

"Yeah?" He rasps, fidgeting in his seat as though it'll bring the food back up.

"Should I kiss it better?"

"Jesus, any excuse!" Dustin exclaims, throwing his hands up in the air suddenly before he slams them back down on the table.

"People are staring." Will tells them, "Like, *a lot* of people."

Making a quick scan of the diner, Max rolls her eyes with a huff, "What, like they've never seen teenagers before?" She smirks, "Could be worse. It's not like they're groping each other under the table or anything."

"Hey!" Mike scolds, "That's not-"

"Groping?" El asks, batting her lashes up at the boy innocently. She tightens her hold on his bicep, sending Lucas a look when he stands up suddenly, sliding out from the booth.

"I-"

"Have fun explaining that one away, Wheeler." He smirks, placing a hand on Mike's shoulder before the taller boy shrugs him off.

Dustin follows his friend, drumming his fingers along the table as he moves to stand. He pulls on the waistband of his jeans, hoisting them up comfortably. "Hopper's gonna kill him."

"I didn't even-"

"You're welcome." Max sits back, tossing her arms back behind her head as she leans against the wall. Lucas clears his throat then, but the girl doesn't budge an inch, only sends him a look, "Oh, no. I'm staying here to watch this." She wags a finger back and forth between El and Mike, smiles at Will when he shuffles over to her, occupying Lucas' seat.

“Mike?”

“Um...” He ducks his head, resting his elbows on the edge of the table as he swallows a breath, “Yeah, El?”

“What’s groping?”

“It’s, uh,” he starts, sending Will a pleading look. The smaller boy only grins, too easily influenced by Max, leaving Mike to his own demise, “It’s, you know, like hugging.”

The redhead laughs aloud at that, moving to sit upright, causing El to lean into Mike, “Oh, my *god*, Wheeler!”

“This is your fault!”